









A PAGE OF REAL NEWS | EVENINGWORLD PAGE OF BRIGHT, UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS | A PAGE WORTH READING

MANHATTAN

BALL PARK DEMONSTRATION AT A STADIUM CONCERT.

At the close of this year's final Stadium concert on Wednesday, hundreds indulged in the novel sport of throwing down onto the field the mats they had been sitting on. These mats, being of light texture, sailed somewhat as a straw hat will sail, and when they were sent away twirling, took some time about coming to earth. On the field below the great crowd moved toward the street on a line about parallel with the orchestra stand. Some in this line answered the bombardment from above with telling effect. No one was hurt, so far as I could see, but one dignified, elderly man was still applauding the last number on the programme when a mat landed on him. He looked surprised. An elderly weman (with lorgnette) looked horrified. A near sighted gentleman, who sat near us, thought other men were tossing their straw hats down in tribute to the orchestra. With a mighty swing he added a stylish straw to the storm, to the great gies of the two pretty young girls who sat immediately behind him.-Rene Lentz, No. 521 West 134th Street.

from the scorching hent—if possible—I found myself trailing two cars which were travelling almost side by side. One was a seven-passenger touring car with but a single occupant, the young woman who sat at the wheel. The other was a big roadster of foreign make, driven by a man. The woman appeared to be try-ling to keep as close as possible to the curb. The man, whose steering wheel was on the right, kept close to her and was leaning over as if talking to her. We resched a "Stop" signal and as the They were scarcely scated, indeed, when We reached a "Stop" signal and as the man leaned over towards her, smiling, she planted an uppercut on his face that would have done credit to Mr. B. Leon ard. I think the fellow saw the light, for he turned into the nearest side street. I moved up into his place, but I took good care not to come too close to the young lady with the punch.—Aron Rauch, No. 18 Third Avenue.

ON THE ICE.

On East \$2d Street I saw two boys stretched out on a cake of ice in an ice

A BLACK-HAIRED GIRL IN BLUE At Starlight Park they were judging the prettiest baby among the four-yearby the applause of the audience in the way of some amateur nights. After many eliminations there remained but two contestants, a black-indeed but two contestants, a black-indeed beautiful for the contestants. many eliminations there remained but two contestants, a black-haired beauty in a blue dress and a chunky blond in flesh color. For about three heats the applause was about nip and tuck, but on the fourth vote the black-haired baby in blue received just a shade the better of the applause. The mother of the winner wore a big and grand and giorious smile.—Joseph L. Jelinek, No. 2265 Seventh Avenue.

the window of a Chinese shop at Broadway and 107th Street when I looked up and saw approaching us from the direction of Amsterdam Avenue the only really fat tramp I ever saw. He must have weighed close to 300 pounds. He touched my husband lightly on the arm, lifted his hat and said: "Boss, will you give me a quarter to get a bite to eat with? . I haven't had a thing to eat all day. Don't laugh: I know I'm big and fat, but believe me I'm hungry just the same." His com-

The Sunday papers were first read and then distributed on the grass and the walks of Bryant Park this (Sunday) afternoon, when a March wind suddenly let loose in August sent them along to the Sixth Avenue sidewalk, piled them into small heaps, and then tossed them around in circles until some who watched them were reminded of stories of the Whirling Dervishes. Now they took on the appearance of a mad scramble of two-year-olds. At other times they moved quite like galloping horses in the circus, with no street sweeper on hand to act as ringmaster -J. M. Shaw, No. 100 West 41st Street.

FOOLHARDY.

bridge over the Passaic had opened to let some tugs pass this morning and, as a result, our train from Orange, N. J., was held there for some man jump from our train to an express which had halted on an inside track. Just as he jumped there was a tooting of whistles and the express train started. That man cheated death by one second. And, for some reason or other, our train beat that express into the terminal—E. J. Dockery Jr., No. 93 Nassau Street.

A GO-GETTER

I was in a Champers Street bank. A lad of twelve, hatless, his round tanned face a trifle soiled, but distinctly cleaner than his scanty clothing, halted before the teller's window and placed before that gentleman three dimes, seven pennies and a bank book. Ined that deposits of less than \$1 are not accepted, the youngster gathered up his possessions without a word, walked toward the door, hesitated, turned to another window, drew out \$1 of his hoardings, came back to the first window and deposited \$1.37 * * That boy's destiny is certain.-Carlton, Short, No. 183 West 87th Street.

On last Saturday's "What Did You See To-day?" page I saw signed to one contribution the name "Catherine Maue," which stirred me from my equatimity as I have not been stirred since the German artillary fire in my general direction was a thing to be reckened. direction was a thing to be reckoned with. The surname is an unusual one: if contains, you observe, three vowels in succession. Because it is unusual, because it is my "ame and because NATIONAL.

NATIONAL.

I was attending a ball game yesterday at first many because it is my ware and because to many all and perplexed.

I was attending a ball game yesterday at Macomb's Dam Park. Across the bridge the Department of Parks has erected a band stand for summer concerts. The game was being played when the first number of the concert was played. It was "The Star-Spangled Banner," and as the strains of the was on.—Bessie Kaplan, No. 123 was played at the bridge the players of both teams laid their gives. bear, being sand other parameters and lillouis, and tell the family we are not as exclusive as we thought we were.—Dan P. Maue, No. 112 West 18th Street.

NATIONAL.

NATIONAL.

NATIONAL.

NATIONAL.

I was attending a ball game yesterday at 44th Street last night I saw an unusually tall man carrying his coat on his arm, with his sleeves rolled to his chows, and wearing a large, sray slouch hat. He went to a traffic policeman, tapped when the first number of the concert was played. It was "The Star-Spangled Banner," and as the strains of the was on.—Bessie Kaplan, No. 123 union Avenue, Bronx.

HOUSING.

To-day and every say for the past month I have been interested in a zign phermalia on the ground, defied their gives. beat, bells and other parameters and stood at attention with the spectators until the last note had been woulded. CHARLES J. DAY, No. 181 West 16th Street, Bronx.

West 16th Street, Bronx.

SENSE AND "STYLE."

Headed for Central Park, to get away On a northbound Eighth Avenue trolfrom the scorching heat-if possible-I ley car at noon to-day I saw a woman dress, underwear, shoes and socks.
They were scarcely sested, indeed, when
the mother took a heavy tweed cape
from her arm, wrapped it around the
child and fastened it at the neck. This

SONNY.

A mother and son bearing a marked resemblance to each other attracted some attention to-day in a Broadway On East \$2d Street I saw two boys surface car, for, although she was all of seventy-five and her hair was snow-stretched out on a cake of ice in an ice was con.—Minna Lehmann, No. 525 East that gray hair, she addressed him from the Street. time to time as "Sonny." I regret to say that, hearing this, one or two passengers giggled. For my part I saw nothing in it to laugh at. In my opinion the man who thinks he is too much a

Seventh Avenue

My husband and I were admiring a display of jade this evening in ment upon his own bulk won an extra quarter, and thanking us 19

pocketed the coin and made off down Broadway.-Lillian Andreevski, No. 425 West 114th Street.

KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN! | FIVE STRAW HATS! SEE HOW THEY BLOW! I walked down Fifth Avenue dur-

ing the high wind this afternoon, and between \$8th Street and 15th Street saw no less then five straw hats blown from the heads of passengers on top of as many Fifth Avenue buses. All were recovered and-this I think is quite as remarkable—not one appeared to be any the worse for the experience.— E. M. Hamlin, No. 57 West 38th

THE LADY WROTE IT "TWENTY SECOND" STREET.

You printed an item a day or two ago mark" which described an incident sup-posed to have taken place in front of a drug store at Eighth Avenue and Second Street. Second Street is an east side atreet and comes to an end at Third Avenue. I was born on Second Street and have lived here all my life. From Third Street to Breadway the thorough-fare is known as Bond Street. It comes to an end almost opposite the Broadway Central Hotel.—Mrs. Sadie Stein, No.

DON'T FORGET ABOUT THE COAL At the corner of 58th Street and Third Avenue I saw a sign announcing:

household moved itself from stuffy tenements to Central Park for a breath of air. Mothers and fathers with their broods of children carried bedding and refreshments and moved through the already established night-campa leaking for a site for their campa leaking camps lecking for a site for their own.
Upon finding one the mothers would
fix up beds with small mattresses and biankets while the fathers congregated to talk and smoke and the children dashed about in the small clumps of trees. Bedtime found lightly clad families lying on the ground counting the stars to induce sleep.—JOHN LARKIN Jr., No. 251 Fort Washington

REPORTED BY EVENING WORLD READERS

To make this news feature even more entertaining and interesting Special Prizes are to be awarded Daily and Weekly. One Dollar is paid for every item printed; the prizes are in addition. Send them to "What Did You See?" Editor, Evening World, Post Office Box 185, City Hall Station. WRITE ABOUT HAPPENINGS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

Tell your story, if possible, in not more than 125 words. State where the thing written about

took place. Write your own name and address carefully and in full. Checks are mailed daily.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

If you witness a serious accident, the outbreak of what threatens to be a BIG fire, or know of any other BIG news story, telephone Beekman 4000 and ask for the CITY EDITOR of The Evening World. Liberal awards for first big news. BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.

DAILY PRIZES:

For the best stories each day: First Prize, \$25; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Ten prizes of \$2 each for ten next best stories.

MANHATTAN

JUST AS EASY!

At 73d Street and Lexington Avenue I watched a steam shovel pick up and deposit in waiting trucks the huge loads of dirt and rock coming from an excavation. The ungainly looking contraption clutched a gigantic rock, previously fastened to it by chains and gently and with accuracy placed it in a truck. I had been looking on for several minutes, when suddenly one of the trucks sank through the boarded runway. There was no alarm, no confusion, no panic, no anything. The versatile shovel was pressed into extra service and soon extricated the truck and its load. For sheer "getting things done" I believe we will have to hand it to the steam shovel .- Dennis Hetherman, No. 1025 Lexington Avenue.

ANYTHING TO BE OBLIGING.

hich two umbrellas were tied an

was shouting, "Put all the ammuni-

tion here, men!" I couldn't see any

men, but a lot of boys made a big

pile of second-hand tomatoes, re-

tired ears of corn and other vegeta-

bles discarded by the peddlers.

When the pile was complete the

leader flashed a sword made from a piece of lath and shouted: "Ready! Aim! Fire!" And then

a terrible battle began .- Mrs. Ida

MY FATHER.

My father is a fireman, and as it was very hot I thought it would be nice to bring some ice cream to him in the fire

use in Forest Avenue at 161st Street

poonful when the bell rang and he had o go to a fire. He told me to hold the

ice cream for him until he should re-turn. It was the first time I had ever seen the truck leave the fire house to go to a fire. I was glad to see him came

pack in about ten minutes - Mathilda

Muller, No. 1031 Union Avenue, Bronx

WEATHER, CHANGEABLE.

I saw the new fountain turned on in Bowling Green Park. Its cooling spray

was a welcome sight,-A. H. Lang, No

AND HE WAS WONDROUS WISE.

pass oevr at the Boston and West-

While waiting for a thunderstorm to

290 Willis Avenue, Bronx.

Taub, No. 522 East 142d Street.

In front of St. Paul's Church

CHEATING.

On our way to a card game we were short one player and went across the Lower Broadway to-day I saw an cic street for a friend who had been iff. He gentleman with a battered suitcase to was going out for some medicine, so we persuaded him to accompany us. He got the medicine first, and as the game started asked for a glass, explaining he shad to take his medicine every half hour. During deals he would go out and take his medicine. After several helf-hours passed we pediced a great man, who kent repeating "Please exand take his medicine. After several let forth a torrent of abuse at the old balf-hours passed we noticed a great change come over our friend. He was cuse." Then as a parting shot the injured man shouted in disgust, "Oh, go become the "life of the party." During the next hand one of the boys investigated, and upon returning broke up the game by announcing that our friend's medicine was a bottle of gin.—JAMES COLLINS, No. 34 Amsterdam Avenue. Street.

NOT EVEN HALF THROUGH. FIGHTING VEGETARIANS. Walking through 111th Street, near Park Avenue, I saw a boy who

In Brone Park I saw a quarrel between husband and seife. When they called each other all the names they had been saving up for months, the little five-year-old girl who was with them began to cry. I heard the man say, "I'm THROUGH!" and saw him start to walk away. The Ritle girl ran after him, tugged at his coat, pulled him by the hand. He wasn't "through" at all. The little one brought him back, and be-I thought it best to move on sais both parents kissing her anad emiling at each other.—Martin Petry, No. 1,887 Cedar Avenue,

RAIN, RAIN, COME TO-DAY. A thriving business is run on rainy days by the boys of our neighborhood. As soon as the first drops fall between As soon as the first drops fall between four and seven o'clock in the aftermoon they collect all the family umbrellas and flock to the klocks of the subway station at 110th Street. As the crowds emerge they are tackled with "Umbrella, lady," "Umbrella, air," and many accept the invitation. The charge is a dime and usually there is a tip of a nickel.—Euth Beiner, No. 53 W-

IN HARNESS.

Just as I came off the New Bedford Line Pier at the foot of Clarkson Street 1 saw a truck horse fall dead on West Street.—S. Grover Straus, No. 308 East 169th Street, Bronx. MEMBERS OF THE (ALMOND) BAR.

Two young girls, each carrying a briotase, entered a south bound subway train to-day at Third Avenue and 149th Street. Both displayed the cultivated, slightly bared hauteur of the superior slightly bored nauteur of the superior class, showing plainly that they smount-ed to something and were aware of it. Some who saw them put them down for lawyerettes, or, at the lowest, pri-vate secretaries of exaited degree. " " Alast One of the brier cases slipped to the feer and gave up its contents, as Street.

BUNKIN' OUT.

During the recent heat many a household moved itself from stuffy tenements to Central Park for a with their broods of air. Mothers and fathers

With their broods of air. Mothers and fathers

TIAT'S THAT.

I saw a youngster to-day try to get to make a youngster to-day try to get to make a large envelope into a letter box. He climbed to the top of a moving train suddenly I saw him tear the envelope in half, drop both portions into the box and, with a sigh of relief, walk away.

Charles Herbst, No. 989 Tinton Avenue, Bronz.

TIAT'S THAT.

I saw a youngster to-day try to get to me to be racily firting with death. He climbed to the top of a moving train suddenly I saw him tear the envelope in half, drop both portions into the box and, with a sigh of relief, walk away.

Alton Levy, No. 410 East 173d Street.

Of which invaded this peaceful village for two or three scenes of a new pleture play. The principal actor apepared to me to be racily firting with death. He climbed to the top of a moving train half, drop both portions into the box and, with a sigh of relief, walk away.

Alton Levy, No. 410 East 173d Street.

Philip J. Cavanaugh, Parlia, N. J.

Lexington Avenue subway express train this morning was reading a Clinton. Ia., newspaper. I looked over his shoulder at some of the advertisements and made at some of the advertisements and made a note of these: Three pounds of fresh butter, \$1: fancy jelly beans, 15 cents; fresh eggs, 20 cents.—Ruth Meryash, No. 947 Avenue St. John, Bronx.

SO, THIS IS PARIS!

In the glare of Broadway at 44th Street last night I saw an unusually

WEEKLY PRIZES:

Capital prizes for best stories of week distributed among daily prize winners as follows: First prize, \$100; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$10.

OUT OF TOWN

A GIRL OF TO-DAY.

I was on a Kearny Avenue jitney bus this morning when two young girls of the period got on. Nice, healthy looking girls. One of them stopped at the entrance to pay both fares and the other walked back to find seats. As the girl who paid the fares moved along to join her chum we heard a screech out of her and she said: "Bernice, you have your dress on backwards!" Bernice didn't blush or faint or do any of the other things they do in old-fashioned story books. She drawled, "Well, if that isn't the cat's collar!" That was all-except that while we all watched she removed her belt, pulled her arms inside that dress, wiggled and twisted a few times, pushed her arms through the sleeves again, replaced the belt and resumed the conversation which had been interrupted at the corner by the arrival of the jitney. She made us gasp-just a little-but also she made some of us proud of the maiden of 1922 .- Mrs. Fay Lindo, No. 321 Davis Avenue, Arling-

LITTLE SISTER 'SAYS SOMETHING.'

My parents, my little sister and I went in bathing at Asbury Park. The water was very warm, but a terrific undertow frequently pulled us off our feet and outward. Once it very nearly carried little eleter with it, but luckily she knocked against ms and I carried her to shore. This morning I said her standing on our neighbors' porch and heard her telling them that "the undertaker nearly got me at Asbury Park."—Dorothy A. White, No. 261 Broad Street, Keyport, N. J.

OPEN AND SHUT.

As the Rockmay Express pulled out of the Pennsylvania Station this morn-ing and approached the tunnel, the conductor shouted: "All windows closed!" Directly opposite me a man labored strenuously to shut the usually stubbon train window. Finally he succeeded, only to discover that the en-tire pane of glass was missing.—Bessie Leach, No. 360 Riverdale Avenue, Yonkers.

"TISH" AND COMPANY. Tish, leading Aggle and the other high with the morning spinster (I can't recall the name Mrs. M. M., Allenhurst, N. J. Rinebart calls her) landed in the sub-way at Cortlandt Street this morning. They were plainly unfamiliar with the new turnstiles, and seeing a wide oper gate they walked through boldly with bags and umbrellas. Then they could find no place to dispose of their nickels. They were somewhat flustered as the train approached, but they boarded, and from their smiles it seemed that they enjoyed their experience.—L. C., Glen

My horse is thirty-three years old, fat, sleek and full of vim. When I feed

her she whinnies and paws a gratefu "Thank you" with her right foot. To-day when she asked for her dinner my servant used harsh words to her and tried to strike her. Nellie—that is my horse's name—went to a corner of her stall and hung her head until the old in left. I went to her and said, "Come, Nellie. You are my pet." whinnied and ate her dinner and p chester station I saw a woman discard her umbreila, which had blown inside out. In a few moments a gentleman picked it up and used it to as good ad-vantage as if it were new—Otto Korb, No. 1726 Holland Avenue, Bronz. gratefully with her right foot .- J. Brennan, No. 409 South Division Street Peekskill, N. Y.

MOVIE STUNTS. I saw a movie company, the players of which invaded this peaceful village for two or three scenes of a new pic-ture play. The principal actor apepared

Yesterday's Special Prizes

First Prize, \$25

BETTY SMITH, No. 2112 Beverly Road, Brooklyn. Second Prize, \$10 E. J. LYONS, No. 449 Court Street, Brooklyn.

Third Prize, \$5 L. C. BLANCHFIELD, No. 775 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.

SYLVIA V. J. Son 127 Edson Street, Corona, L.

MRS. ANNA T. GASTON, No. 139 West 98th Street. C. CARSON, No. 10 East 43d Street. FRANK M'HUGH, No. 556 West 42d Street. JAMES J. BARNES, No. 838 East 28d Street. W. M. ALLEN, No. 205 Greenwich Street, MRS. J. CHESLER, No. 28 Oxford Terrace, West Orange, N. J. F. S. SIEGFRIED, Highlands, N. J. ANNA B. SHUMWAY, No. 1451 Bath Avenue, Brooklyn. C. H. COCHRANE, No. 150 Third Street, Brooklyn.

Ten Prizes of \$2 Each

Read to-day's stories. Pick the ones you think are best. Winners will be announced in this evening's Night Pictorial (Green Sheet) edition and in other editions to-morrow.

PARADE REST. While I was standing on the corner l saw a man coming up the Boulevard acting as if he were a whole company of soldiers. When he got to where I was standing he said. "By the left dank, march!" Turning in response to his own command, he marched across the Boulevard and down as far as Summit Avenue. Rere the command was repeated and he entered the side or of a cafe .- Frank Gartieser, No. 77 Hague Street, Jersey City.

A HAPPY AUGURY, PERHAPS. When I opened my pay envelope on Saturday I received a simply wonderful

thrill. Instead of the usual \$25 it con-tained \$50. • • When I came to I was gently informed that through mistake I had been handed the en-velope of the head of our department.-Jennie, Mount Vernon.

OLD SONG-"DOES YOUR MOTHER RIDE A BIKET" In the main street at Asbury Park I

saw, heedless of motor traffic and street cars, a stout woman returning rom a shopping trip on a boy's bike The bundle-tray at the back was piled high with the morning's marketing,-

mount the steps leading from the park came conscious of a lovely perfume. I to Morningside Drive. He had a lighted looked up to discover where it came clear in his left hand. At the top of from and to my great pleasure I saw the steps he started to mop his fore-head with a handkerchief in his right hand. Just then a lady across the were four o'clocks, and at that hour street bowed to him very sweetly. In had opened up to show their beauty to obvious embarrassment he threw away me and to give me their lovely perfume. the handkerchief, raised his hat with —Viola Hamilton, No. 410 86th Street, his right hand and at the same time lift-ed the cigar to his forehead. Then with a start of pain and suprise he threw away the cigar and retrieved the handkerchief .- Harold Deane, Delmar, N. J.

FLOATING?

During my vacation in Rhode Island saw a floating island with trees on it. cotch Pond, between Longdale and Sayleville, R. I., and it is tied with cables to the mainland to keep it from 843 Sixth Street, Brooklyn. floating into the stream.-Leon D. Martin. Richford, Vt.

RICHMOND.

COMING OVER FROM S. L.

caught the 8.18 ferry from The boat was more crowded was. I thought, a noticeable list to port. Many passengers, including the writer, were packed together on the upper for ward deck in the broiling sun. For on morning, at least, there was no breeze in the bay. Jne young woman fainted in the crowd inside and was brought out into the mob and the sun. Just as the boat reached Manhattan an elderly gentleman "passed out" in like manner. The gates were just being opened, and, luckily, he was not far from them, deckinands and a policeman saved him from being trampled on.—W. D. W. Grant City, Staten Island.

I left fo-day the land of reality and wandered through "Storyland" in the Sieepy Hollew made famous by Washington Irving. There was the gnaried old tree on which Major Andre was hanged; a little further down the road the church which Irving attended. Upon turning a corner you come into a lane leading to the bridge over which Icha-bod Crane galloped that ghostly night. to crane gamped that gnostly night. It is a sombre sort of road too and occasionally you get from it a glimpse of tombstones. On a little knoll not far from the bridge is the old church surrounded on three sides by the grave-ward. The shutters are drawn, but if you look though a gravity to the state of the state of

look through a crack you can see in white benches. In the graveyard found on a little hillside the grave

IN THE IRVING COUNTRY.

BROOKLYN THE HARBOR.

Sitting in my wheel chair at the window I look across the tree tops to Fort Wadsworth and see its flagstaff and nearby a cannon, from which I see the flash and hear the "boom!" when our beautiful flag is raised to the top where the passengers and crews of the incoming and outgoing ships can see it first and last. . . . I see Quarantine, with the ships of different nations anchored there impatiently awaiting the doctors' O. K. and release; ships with tall masts, majestically beautiful as the sun shines upon them; immense liners, the many passengers on their decks looking expectantly for home folk or only for America. Busy tugs hurry by and excursion boats with many flags; motorboats; all sorts of craft, from the smallest to the largest, in endless procession; and, finally, seaplanes, silvery bright in the sunshine, flying to and fro over the harbor.-H. M. Warren, No. 260 75th Street, Brooklyn.

MAINE QUESTION.

I had been talking of spending my vacation in Maine, and when I got back from lunch to my deek! I saw the following on my deek: "From Wailagras to Soldier Pond, Low's Bridge to Caribou. The air is something wonderful. I'd so there if I were you. Still Madawaska has its points and there's a preity spot called Patten. But, I think that after all, old top, you'll just stay in Manhattan."—John McGarigle, No. 483 85th Street, Brooklyn. NOW WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE

ON THE SIDEWALK. On Fulton Street above Brooklyn Ave nue this afternoon I saw a family stand-ing around their household effects piled high on the sidewalk in front of their recent home.—J. J. O'Mara, No. 319 Macon Street, Brooklyn.

On my way up Myrtle Avenue I saw a group of kids at Taaffe Place lift the cover of the manhole and lower the tallest of the number down into the

catch-basin head first in order to re-cover a lost ball. One kid appeared to be on the lookout for a chance policeman. Ther got the ball.—William C. Kraus, No. 490 Myrtle Avenue, Brook-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE. In the window of a large dairy store at Rivington and Orchard Streets I saw the picture of a cow and under it in large letters: "Our only partner. No connection with anybody else."—Charles

Stransky, No. 745 Driggs Avenue

POOR SPARROW! While driving along King's Highway in an automobile I saw a sparrow fly against the hood of our machine. When e reached our destination I saw the

I saw two boys in City Hail Park te-day accost a man and ask to shine his shoes. Both were persistent. The man, undecided which boy to choose, took out a cigaretts. As he searched for a match one of the boys, immediately seeing his necessity, lighted one and held it up for him as a light. He was the boy chosen to shine his shoes. --Max Felnman, No. 607 Snedeker Avenue, Brooklyn.

SHE GOT THAT? I saw two little girls playing on Ralph Avenue at Decatur Street. A

little boy friend of theirs came along and asked to play with them. One

of the little girls asked, "Can Har-old be the father, Edith?" Four-year-old Edith reflected for a mo-ment and replied, "A'wight. Es, he can be the father," and immediately she turned to "father" and said, "Go to work, now!"—Mildred Har-

ris, No. 215 Ralph Avenue, Brook-

DIOGENES, THOU NEEDST LOOK NO

My employer to-day had to mail a small parcel which required a ten-cent

stamp. We didn't have that denomina-tion on hand, but found one which had not been cancelled on another package.

He put this on the tipy parcel and then

took five good two-cent stamps from the drawer and tore them up, saying:

"I wouldn't defraud the Government."-

Joseph Geller, No. 997 Belmont Avenue, Brooklyn.

BUSINESS MAN.

AND NO BACK TALK OUT OF THE ONE OF THEM.

I saw Pat Ryan, the champion weight perfect imprint of the bird in the dust. It measured six inches from beak to the end of the tall.—Gladys Machell, No. 1307 East 22d Street, Brooklyn.

Thompson Streets.—F. M. Kane, No. 13 Halleck Avenue, Brooklyn.

BACK TO THE BEGINNING.

On a seat in Prospect Park I saw a man and four small boys. He was di-viding between the four a stack of pen-

nies he had unrolled from a piece of

paper. Each held out his palm to receive the gifts and then the man stopped. "There's a cent over," he an-nounced. "Right here, Pop," promptly

spoke up the largest boy, tapping his chest. "Here's where you started from." He got the cent.—E. Murtha, No. 995 East 38th Street, Brooklyn.

IN PRIVATE LIFE. Outside the postoffice at Fleischman's a group of people were crowded about a mauve and green touring car. Soon they made way for a dark little woman

in orchid, who stepped into the car with-out a look on either side of her. She was Gallt-Curci, who had just called for her mail and was returning to her

summer home. As she was trying to

son dressed for a day's outing on the beach and each had a bicycle. The son carried the bathing suits on his back,

"CLOSED TO BATHERS."

For years I have been in the habit of going to the Point at Manhattan Beach for a swim. On Wednesday I went there as usual to get away from the heat and get into the water. Instead, what I and hundreds of others got was the sight of a policeman who informed one and all that "because so many accidents have occurred" there the Point has been closed to bathers. I wonder why the responsible authorities cannot place life savers there and perhaps rope off the really dangerous spots. That, it appears to me, would be the sensible way of handling such a situation instead of putting the thought in people's minds that they are being deprived of a pleasure and a privilege in order that they may be sent to the private baths.-R. Broad, No. 2890 East 23d Street, Sheepshead Bay.

FLOWERLAND.

A friend of mine in Bay Ridge has a border of flowers around her garden. I went to see her this afternoon and, During the hottest hour of the day I garden to wait. I became absorbed saw a nervous, professional looking man reading a magazine, but suddenly I be-

In the ladies' dressing room on th steamer Mandalay I saw a sign which read: "No haircombing or powdering." Not believing in signs, I walked over to the mirror and, to my dismay, discovered it had been "clouded" with some preparation which prevented one seeing one's self in it.—Rosemary Weber, No.

start her machine, which falled immediately to respond, some one shouted: "Well, she's a better soprano than a chauffeur." But even that didn't win us a smile.—R. E., No. 1715 Park Place, Brooklyn. HAPPY FAMILY. In Brooklyn to-day I saw something which reminded me of the days of long ago. I saw a father, mother and their

I was shopping in a store on Atlantic Avenue, near South Ferry, this after-noon when I heard the proprietor remark: "There go the rat collectors. looked and saw two men, and then learned they are sent around by the Department of Health of New York to catch rats which come in on foreign ships, to learn if they are disease-carriers. Surely we have a wonderful city which works so to safeguard the health of our people.—Ellen H. Masson, No. 59 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn.

QUEENS

COME, BIRDIE, COME! Passing through 27th Street, near Madison Square Garden, at 1 o'clock this afternoon, I saw four boys who appeared very anxious to make friends with the pigeons, which are to be found in that locality at all hours. The boys were giving the birds bread crumbs. Euddenly one boy reached out and grabbed a pig-con, stuck it into his blouse and ran west as fast as he could go. I won der whether it meant pocket money or pigeon pic.—F. Hurtnole, No. 163 Maurice Avenue, Elmhurst.

To-day at noon I wanted to board a eastbound 34th Street crosstown car. At the southwest corner of Eighth Avenu-and 34th I found the street all torn up board the cars. Fregently I found the the white benches. In the grave and answer. The situation was cleared by faded top of his Ford car, and, rubbing a sign posted just west of the avenue, of Washington Irving.—Mrs. William D. Walker, No. 131 Colfax Avenue, Grant City, S. L.

Board the cars. Fresently I found the faded top of his Ford car, and, rubbing a sign posted just west of the avenue, it vigorously with a cloth, put a senuine shine on it. When he had finished the Walker, No. 131 Colfax Avenue, Grant City, S. L.

Birect, Bockaway Beach.

the mother had a basket of lunch fas-tened to her bicycle and the father had the fishing rods. The bicycle still seems to be a good old standby.—Walter Smith, No. 204 Autunn Avanue, Brock-INCIDENT OF THE BABY, THE PURSE, AND A CERTAIN PARTY.
I was walking with my twenty-monthsold haby on Fulton Street, Brocklyn,
yesterday and was about to enter Loft's when baby dropped the little pocket-book she was carrying. Before I could pick it up another woman had secured it. I knew she had seen the child drop it and of course I expected she would hand it ever instantly, but, my dear, what does she do first but open it and examine it! "Oh," she said: "there a nothing in it!" And THEN she handed it ever. I had the nerve to ask her why she opened the nurse but I am th

money in it.—Mrs. M. J. Deane, No. 4388 Liberty Avenue, Richmond Hill. FORD SHINED, SIR?

she opened the purse, but I got no answer. She walked away. I wonder

what she would have done if there was

I was much surprised this evening to see my uncle apply black shoe polisi, with an ordinary shoe brush, to the faded top of his Ford car, and, rubbing it vigorously with a cloth, put a genuine shine on it. When he had finished the